

WALKWRITERS

THE HOLIDAY ISSUE

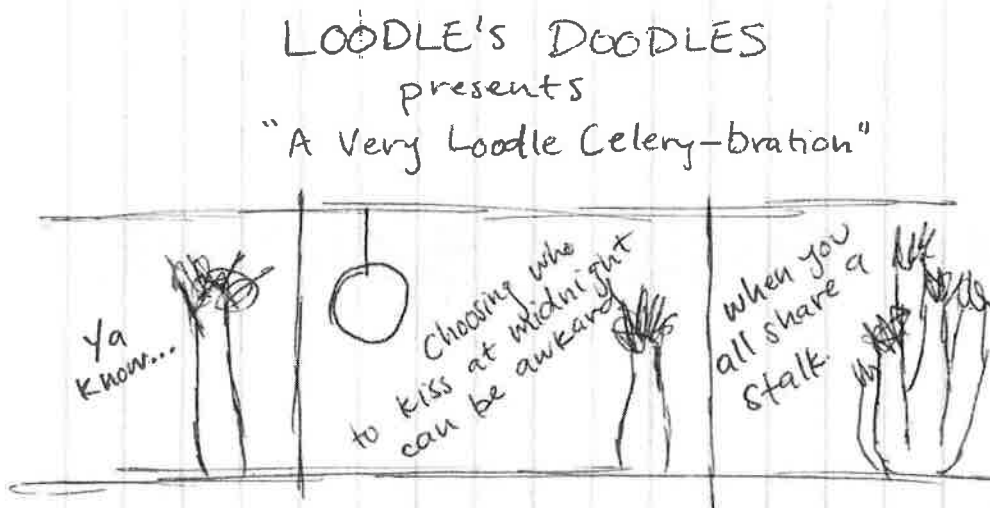
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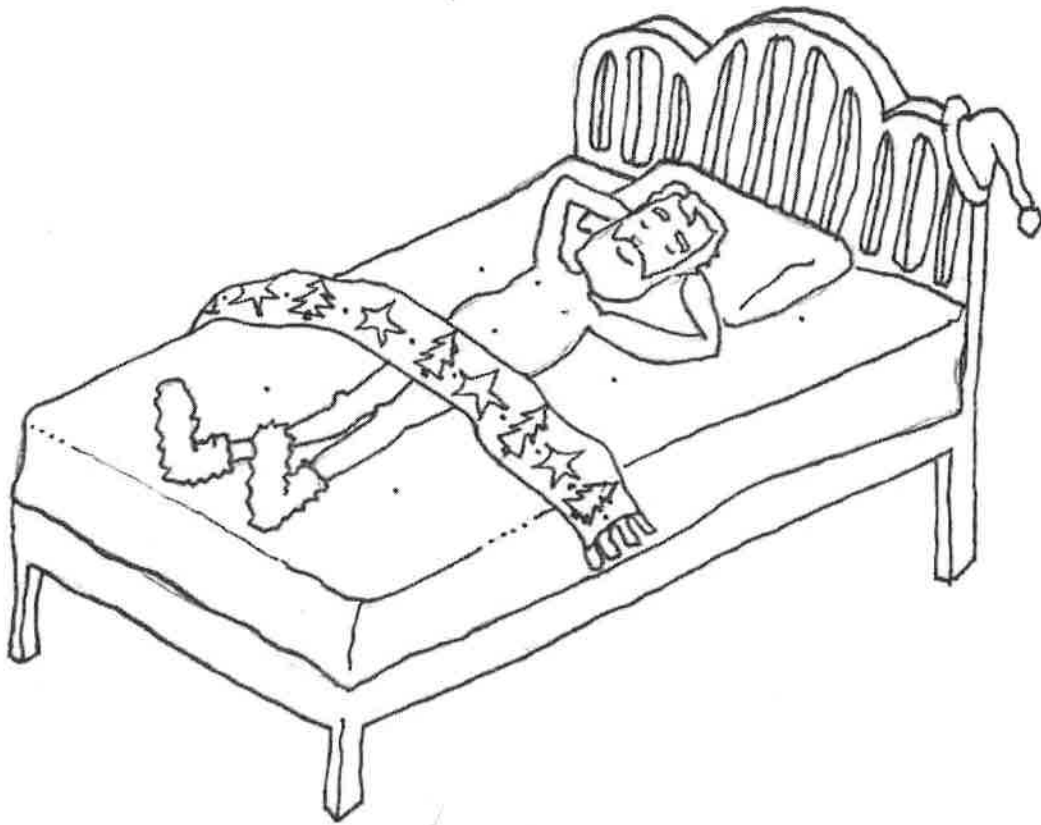
**'Twas the night before Christmas as told by Philip
aka How the Mench Stole Xmas**

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even our crippling sense of despair regarding
the looming New Year, and all the failures it represented;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds;
While visions of failed diets, stunted career paths, and emotionless
relationships danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my black skinny jeans,
Had just settled our brains for a long night watching Friends on Netflix,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to call my super.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the rock hard brown snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to black trash bags cluttering the sidewalk below,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment he must be... Mel Brooks?
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"#Dasher! #Dancer! #Prancer #Vixen!
#Comet! #Cupid! #Donner #Blitzen!
To the top of the stoop! to the exposed brick wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As weirdly large rats that before the J train fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of Furbies or some shit, and St. Nicholas too—
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of rats, again.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in black, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were faux-tarnished and pre-distressed;
A bundle of cheap wine he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a subway churro seller just opening his pack.
His eyes—how jaded! his skin so pale!
His cheeks sunken into a permanent scowl that had started off as an affectation
but eventually became his resting face!

His droll little mouth was... droll,
And the beard on his chin was overgrown and untrimmed to the point of being
gross;
The stump of a clove he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it stank up my entire one bedroom apartment;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he scoffed, like a bowl full of peas.
He was chubby and plump, and still had a positive body image,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of my general malaise;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his Buddhist prayer beads
Soon gave me to know he also engaged in cultural re-appropriation;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a twerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose ring,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like startled pigeons outside of any subway stop
whatsoever.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all an ice cold Coca Cola!"



SOMETIMES I SLEEP IN JUST



MY FUZZY SOCKS.

CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief...Audrey Frischman

"It's funny cause we are all Jewish"

Co-Editor...Laura Been

"Favorite holiday is Beachukah, when the little candles melt all night."

Co-Editor...Philip Santa Schaffer

"Me? I want a hula hoop."

Art Director...Kim Ross

"Has been waiting for this month all year!"

Illustrator...Mark Hammer

"And now, off to Peru!"

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COMMENTS AND COMPLIMENTS:

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Look out for our annual Love Issue coming February 2015!
Submissions due January 15th.

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